COLLECTION

OF

SACRED BALLADS

By

Andrew Broaddus

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THE PREFACE,

WE cannot but lament the labor and inconveniency which it hath hitherto coſt to retain the many excellent ſongs of praiſe, lately compoſed, and now extant among us; on account of which, many perſons who are deſirous of having them; and have not time and opportunity to write them, are neceſſitated to go without. Alſo the many errors common in moſt of the written ballads have been cauſe of grief to divers well wiſhers to religion, many of the ſongs being much adulterated, and ſtill liable to become more ſo, and at laſt, perhaps, without a better means to perpetuate them, a number of them may by degrees become extinct. Theſe conſiderations, together with the advice of ſome friends, have prevailed on us to make a collection of the late compoſitions moſtly made uſe of among us, at the ſame time ſparing no pains to get the beſt copies, and fit them for the preſs by the moſt diſcretionary corrections we could make; ſo that if the ſongs in their preſent ſtanding, ſuſtain any injury, we hope to be excuſed by the authors, or compoſers of them.

We have alſo diſperſed amongſt them, a few ſelect hymns from different authors, hoping thereby to render the collection ſuitable for any occaſion whatever.

RICHARD BROADDUS.
ANDREW BROADDUS.

Caroline *county*, Virginia, *Jan.* 1, 1790.

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SONG, I.

"COME" says Moses, "and go with us,
"And we'll join to do thee good;
"We'll point you out the lovely Jesus,
"And declare his gospel food."

2 O come repent and be converted,
Leave your father's house and home;
O don't you stay and be hard harted,
Jesus sweetly calls to come.

3 O come believe and be baptised,
And receive the bounty paid:
O let in us his ways be prized,
All our sins were on him laid.

4 O let us never be ashamed,
But go on to own his name:
Wherever Jesus Christ is named,
He is still the very same.

5 O when the work below is finish'd
We will bid this world adieu,
O then we'll see the dear Lord Jesus
Welcome home his chosen few.

6 O then we'll wonder and admire
To behold the blessed place;
We've found the longing soul's desire,
Jesus smiles in ev'ry face.

7 O come repeat the blessed story,
Sing the Saviour's dying love,
O sing until you feel his glory,
Help us praise the heavenly Dove.

II.

1 COME brethren and sisters that love my Lord
I pray give attention and ear to my word,
What a wonder of mercy! behold now and see
What a tender kind Saviour has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the Devil 'till lost and distrest,
I thought that in torment I soon should be cast;
No peace to the wicked but all misery
'Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 "O sinner" said Jesus "for you I have died,
All glory to Jesus my soul then replied:
The guilt was removed my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied the witness and voice.

4 On my bending knees before God I did fall,
All glory to Jesus for he's all and all;
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain. [earth,

5 There was peace now in Heav'n and peace upon
The angels rejoice at a poor sinners birth;
"Your sins are forgiven" my Saviour did say;
O witness kind Heavens on this my birth day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have found;
O Lord thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms
Let me die now like Simeon with Christ in my arms,

III.

1 JERUSALEM my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4. If Heav'n be thus ſo glorious Lord,
Why ſhould I ſtay from thence?
What folly's this that I ſhou'd dread
To die and go from hence!
5. Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cauſe me to aſcend,
Where congregations near break up,
And ſabbaths never end.
6. Jeſus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and ſee;
And all my brethren here below,
Will ſoon come after me.
7. My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more ſee you,
Go on I'll meet you there.
8. There we ſhall meet and no more part,
And Heav'n ſhall ring with praiſe,
Whilſt Jeſus' love in ev'ry heart
Shall tune the ſong free grace.
9 Millions of years around may run,
Our ſong ſhall ſtill go on,
To praiſe the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, three in One.
10 When we've been there ten thouſand years
Bright ſhining as the ſun,
We've no leſs days to ſing God's praiſe
Than when we firſt begun.

I V.

1 COME all ye Saints and ſinners near,
Come liſten a while and you ſhall hear
The wonders of almighty grace,
Who ſet me free to ſing his praiſe,

2 One glorious Jeſus from the ſky,
He ſaid to me as he paſs'd by
"Awake ariſe depart and fly,
"Go hence or you will ſurely die"
3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold
The wonders I have never told;
Heav'n and hell I thought I ſaw,
And my poor ſoul in ruin lay!
4 I heard of Jeſus many ſay
Could move a ſinners ſins away;
But where to find him I did not know,
Nor how to meet with him below.
5 My fleſh did war againſt my ſoul,
Temptations did me much controul,
The weeping ſaints I could not ſlight
Who ſought their Jeſus day and night.
6 The ſcandal of his croſs I ſee,
That ſcandal it would fall on me
But ſtill I thought I did behold
I wanted Jeſus more than gold.
7 I laid me down to take my reſt
Bemoaning of my dreadful caſe,
I thought I would for mercy wait;
But then I fear'd I'd come too late.
8 I little thought he'd been ſo nigh,
His ſpeaking made me laugh and cry,
He ſaid "I'm come to thee my love,
"I have a place for you above."
9 This glorious news I did believe,
My ſins and ſorrow did me leave,
My ſoul enraptur'd in his love,
In hopes to go with him above.
10 There for to ſit and ſing and tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Whilſt we ſhall join in ſongs divine,
To praiſe him all his Saints combine.

V.

1 WAND'RING pilgrims mourning chriſtians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Chriſt,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with ſins are much diſtreſt,
Chriſt has ſent me to invite you
To a rich and coſtly feaſt;
Let not ſhame nor pride prevent you,
Come, the rich proviſion taſte.

2 If you want a heart of ſorrow
To bemoan your wretched caſe,
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and borrow,
He will lend you goſpel grace:
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and ſerve him all your days,
Only come to Chriſt and aſk him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of ſight,
Cry to Jeſus ſon of David,
He will give you Goſpel light;
If like Mary you've been keeping
Seven Devils in your embrace,
Fall like her to Jeſus weeping,
He will bid you "go in peace."

4 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jeſus pard'ning love,
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting
'Till the troubled waters move;
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jeſus Jeſus he will cleanſe you,
"Riſe take up your bed and walk."

5 If like Peter you are ſinking
In the ſea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, conſtant praying,
Chriſt will ſend you quick relief;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants ſhall be ſupply'd;
Canaan Canaan lies before you,
Riſe and croſs the ſwelling tide.

6 Death ſhall not deſtroy your comfort,
Chriſt will guard you through the gloom;
Down he'll ſend an heav'nly convoy
To convey you to his home;
There you'll ſpend your days in pleaſure,
Free'd from ev'ry want and care.
Come O come my bleſſed Saviour,
Fain my ſpirit would be there.

V I.

1 COME all you weary travellers,
Come let us join and ſing
The everlaſting praiſes
Of Jeſus Chriſt our King:
We've had a tedious journey
And tireſome 'tis true;
But ſee how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At firſt when Jeſus found us
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into ſin:
The World, the Fleſh and Satan
To us would prove a ſnare,
Unleſs we did reject them
By Faith and humble pray'r.

3 But by our disobedience
With sorrow we confess
We have had long to wander
In a dark wilderness,
Where we might all have fainted
In that enchanted ground;
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.
4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life and joy and peace:
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase,
To confess our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.
5 In faith and hope and patience
We're made for to rejoice:
And Jesus and his people
For ever are our choice.
In peace and consolation
We now are going on
The narrow way to Canaan
Where Jesus Christ is gone.
6 Sinners why stand you idle
As we do march along?
Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong:
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come and go with us.
7 But if you will refuse it
We must bid you farewell:
We're on the way to Canaan
And you the road to Hell:

We're sorry for to leave you,
And rather you would go;
Come try a bleeding Saviour
And see the waters flow.
8 O sinners be awaken'd
To see your wretched state:
Repent and be converted
Before it is too late:
Turn to the Lord by praying
And daily search his word,
And never rest contented
'Till you have found the Lord.
9 Now to the King Immortal
Be everlasting praise,
And in his holy service
We long to spend our days
'Till we arrive at Canaan
The celestial world above
There in eternal raptures
To praise redeeming love.

VII.

1 O THAT I had a bosom friend
To tell my secrets to,
On whose advice I might depend
In every thing I do.
2 How do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me!
I seem a stranger quite unknown,
A son of misery!
3 None lends an ear to my complaint,
Nor minds my cries nor tears:
None comes to cheer me tho' I faint,
Nor my vast burden bears.

4 Whilſt others live in mirth and eaſe
And feel no want or woe,
Thro' this waſte howling Wilderneſs
I full of ſorrows go———.
5 O faithleſs Soul to reaſon thus,
And murmer without end?
Did Chriſt expire upon the Croſs
And is he not thy friend?
6 Why doſt thou envy carnal men,
And think their ſtate ſo bleſt?
How great Salvation haſt thou ſeen,
And Jeſus is thy reſt!
7 What can this lower world afford
Compar'd with Goſpel Grace?
Thy happineſs is in the Lord
And thou ſhalt ſee his face!
8 Can preſent Grief be counted great
Compar'd with future Woes?
Will tranſient pleaſures ſeem ſo ſweet
Compar'd with endleſs Joys?
9 How ſoon will God withdraw the ſcene,
And burn the World he made!
Then woe to carnal ſinful men!
My Soul lift up thy head.
10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,
Conſtant and True and Good;
He will be with thee to the end,
And bring thee ſafe to God.
11 Then why my Soul art thou ſo ſad?
When will thy ſighs be o'er?
Rejoice in Jeſus and be glad
Rejoice forevermore.

VIII.

1 BEHOLD the awful Trumpet ſounds,
The ſleeping dead to raiſe,
And calls the nations under ground:
O how the ſaints will praiſe!
2 Behold the Saviour how he comes
Deſcending from his throne
To burſt aſunder all our tombs
And lead his children home.
3 But who can bear that dreadful day,
To ſee the world in flames!
The burning mountains melt away,
While rocks run down in ſtreams.
4 The falling ſtars their orbits leave,
The ſun in darkneſs hide;
The elements aſunder cleave,
The moon turn'd into blood?
5 Behold the univerſal world
In conſternation ſtand,
The wicked into Hell are turned,
The Saints at God's right hand.
6 O then the muſick will begin,
Their Saviour God to praiſe:
They are all free'd from ev'ry ſin
And thus they'll ſpend their days!

IX.

1 WHAT poor deſpiſed company
Of travellers are theſe,
That's walking yonders narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?
2 Why they are of a royal line,
They're children of a king;
Heirs of immortal crown divine,
And loud for joy they ſing.

3 Why do they then appear ſo mean,
And why ſo much deſpis'd?
Becauſe of their rich robes unſeen
The World is not appriz'd
4 Why ſome of them ſeem poor diſtreſs'd
And lacking daily bread?
Heirs of immortal wealth poſſeſs'd,
With hidden Manna fed.
5 Why do they ſhun that pleaſant path,
Which Worldlings love ſo well?
Becauſe it is the road to Death,
The open way to Hell.
6 Why do they walk that narrow road
Along that rugged maze?
Becauſe this way their Leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
7 Why is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Chriſt is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

X.

1 AM I a ſoldier of the Croſs,
A follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?
2 Muſt I be carried to the ſkies
On flowery beds of eaſe,
When others fought to win the prize
And ſail'd thro' bloody ſeas?
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to Grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I muſt fight if I would reign—
Increaſe my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.
5 Thy Saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer tho' they die:
They ſee the triumph from afar,
By Faith they bring it nigh.
6 When that illuſtrious day ſhall riſe,
And all thine armies ſhine
In robes of vict'ry thro' the ſkies,
The Glory ſhall be thine.

XI.

1 BESIDE the Goſpel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpleſs ſoul
Has waited for a cure.
2 How often have I ſeen
The healing waters move,
And others round me ſtepping in,
Their efficacy prove,
3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very ſame;
As full of guilt, and fear and pain
As when at firſt I came.
4 O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've anguiſh'd here,
And what diſtreſs I feel.
5 How often have I thought
"Why ſhould I longer lie?
"Surely the mercy I have ſought

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" Is not for ſuch as I."
6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where ſtreams of ſov'reign virtue flow
To make a ſinner whole.
7 Here then from day to day
I'll wait, and hope and try:
Can Jeſus hear a Sinner pray
And ſuffer him to die?
8 No he is full of Grace,
He never will permit
A Soul that fain would ſee his face
To periſh at his feet.

XII.

1 GOD of all Conſolation, take
The glory of thy grace:
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In endleſs Songs of praiſe.
Not unto us, but thee O Lord!
Glory to thee be giv'n
For ev'ry gracious thought or word
Which brought us near to Heav'n.
2 Further'd in Faith or Hope or Love
The praiſe to thee we give;
Thy Gifts deſcending from above
We only can receive:
The Gifts, the Grace, the Work is thine,
And ours the Miniſtry:
We bow and bleſs the hand divine,
All, all deſcends from thee.
3 In thee we all together came,
In ſingleneſs of heart;
We meet O Jeſus in thy name,
And in thy name we part;

We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one,
And each to each in Jeſus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.
4 Subſiſts as in us all one ſoul,
No pow'r can make us twain,
Tho' mountains riſe and oceans roll
To ſever us, in vain.
Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and pray'r
We each to other fly.
5 In Jeſus Chriſt together we
In heav'nly places ſit;
Cloth'd with the ſun, we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.
Our life is hid with Chriſt in God,
Our life ſhall ſoon appear;
And ſhed his glories all abroad
In all his members here.
6 This heav'nly treaſure here we have
In a mean houſe of clay,
Which he will to the utmoſt ſave,
And guard againſt that day:
Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Zion's hill
7 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee,
Our face like his will ſhine:
O what a glorious company
When ſaints and angels join!
O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;

Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head!
3 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our mind our faithful friend,
And keep the prize in view:
Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O redeemer come away,
O Jesus quickly come.

XIII.

1 HARK how the Gospel Trumpet sounds!
Thro' all the world the echo bounds:
And Jesus by redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.
2 Hail! all-victorious conquering Lord!
By all the Heav'nly hosts ador'd,
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation thro' thy name
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.
3 Fight on ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.
4 Thy blood dear Jesus once was spilt
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation thro' thy blood

And sail by faith upon that flood
To endless day.
5 Thro' storms and calms by Faith we steer,
By feeble Hope, and gloomy Fear,
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore
Where Sin and Sorrow are no more,
We'll shout (our trials are all o'er)
To endless day.
6 There we shall in sweet chorus join
With saints and angels, all combine
To sing of his redeeming love
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day.

XIV.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour and my King;
I hear his joyful voice.
2 I need not go abroad for joy,
I have a feast at home:
My sighs are turned into songs,
The comforter is come.
3 Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love:
This is my joyful feast.
4 This makes me "Abba, Father" cry
With confidence of soul:
This makes me cry "My Lord, my God"
And that without controul.
5 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,

And from the Lamb a living ſtream
As clear as chryſtal ſtone.
6 This ſtream doth water Paradiſe,
It makes the Angels ſing;
One cordial drop revives my ſoul,
Whence all my joys do ſpring.
7 Such joys as are unſpeakable,
And full of glory too:
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls
As worldlings do not know.
8 Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd
What thou Lord has laid up for thine,
And haſt to me reveal'd.
9 I ſee thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taſte thy ſweeteſt love;
My ſoul doth leap; but Oh! for wings,
The wings of Noah's Dove!
10 Then would I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of ſin;
Then would my Lord reach forth his hand
And kindly take me in.
11 Then would my ſoul with angels feaſt
On joys that ever laſt;
Bleſs'd be my God, the God of joys
Who gives me here a taſte.

XV.

1 O ALL loving Lamb,
A ſinner I am,
And come as a ſinner
Thy mercy to claim.
For ſinners like me
2 Thy mercy is free:

O! who would not love
Such a Saviour as thee?
3 With joy I embrace
The pardon and grace
Thy paſſion has purchas'd
For all the loſt race.
4 Yet long I withſtood,
And fled from my God;
But mercy purſu'd
With the cries of his blood.
5 He challeng'd a ſtray,
And forc'd me to ſtay,
And waſh'd all my ſins
In a moment away.
I felt it apply'd,
And joyfully cry'd
"Me, me thou haſt lov'd,
"And for me thou haſt died."
7 How mighty thou art
Who loves to convert!
Love only could conquer
So ſtubborn a heart.
8 None but the God-man
Alone, could conſtrain
So ſturdy a rebel
To love thee again.
9 But ſure at the laſt
Thy goodneſs I taſte:
My ſoul on thy goodneſs
Delighted I caſt.
10 Thy goodneſs I'll praiſe,
And ſing of thy grace,
And joyfully live out
My few happy days.

11 And when thy dear love
From earth ſhall remove
O then I ſhall ſing
Like the angels above.
12 Still there when I am,
My work is the ſame
To aſcribe my ſalvation
To God and the Lamb.
13 Salvation to God
I'll publiſh abroad,
And make all Heav'n ring
With the cries of his blood.
14 The lamb that was ſlain
Lo! he lives again!
And I with my Jeſus
Eternally reign.

XVI.

1 QUITE weary, near to faint,
I my hard lot deplore;
I would myſelf with God acquaint,
But 'tis not in my pow'r
I know my dang'rous ſtate,
Still carnal, ſold to ſin,
Corrupt, impure, degenerate
Have all my doings been.
2 How many gracious days
Have I miſpent and loſt;
Lov'd to frequent unholy ways,
And made of ſin my boaſt:
Alas! thoſe days are gone,
Thoſe golden days are o'er:
The goſpel here which lately ſhone
Perhaps may ſhine no more.

3 O whither ſhall I fly
If God has me forſook?
To whom may I for mercy cry,
Or where for refuge look?
How ſhall I meet the Lord,
Or how his anger bear,
When I ſhall ſee his flaming ſword,
and Banner in the air?
4 When by one trumpet's ſound
The dead to life ſhall come;
And all that ſlumber under ground
Ariſe to meet their doom:
When time ſhall have an end,
And Jeſus in a cloud
Shall with his angel hoſts deſcend,
And with the trump of God!
3 O Lord! my ſins forgive!
May I but be forgiven!
And with thy choſen me receive
When thou ſhalt come from Heav'n!
Spare me, in mercy ſpare,
Waſh me and make me clean,
And fit me for the time when here
I ſhall no more be ſeen!

XVII.

1 ONCE in this world I wander'd forth,
Not knowing what my ſoul was worth;
But now I ſee it is worth more
Than all this world laid up in ſtore.
2 From my diſtreſs Chriſt did me take,
A faithful ſoldier for to make,
Then led me to mount Calvary,
His bleeding wounds there for to ſee.

3 His b'eſſed temples ſtain'd with blood,
That ever m ditated good;
His bleſſed feet were nailed down,
With thorns they platted him a crown.
4 At the commencement of this ſcene
The Sun was not in brightneſs ſeen;
But darkneſs ſpread all o'er the plain,
The temple vail was rent in twain.
5 Tho' Chriſt they hung upon a tree,
Was kind and merciful you ſee,
Saying "Father ſpare the wicked crew.
"For they know nought of what they do."
6 To the oppoſing ſtanders by,
Remember that you ſoon muſt die,
And then to judgment you muſt go;
If unprepar'd ſent down to woe.
7 There will you then a weeping be,
And knathing teeth there you will ſee,
With diſmal ſcreaming all around,
No intermiſſion to be found.
8 In the dark caverns of diſpair
Your guilty fetters you muſt wear,
Then iron bands there you muſt knaw
For diſobeying God's righteous law.
9 Sinners! to you I loudly call,
Both rich and poor, and great and ſmall,
O come draw near, behold and ſee
What my Redeemer's done for me.
10 My ſoul from ſin and bondage freed
When Chriſt for me did intercede;
Then led we forth to paſtures green,
Where waters flow with chryſtal ſtream!
11 You that on me with wonder gaze
Look to yourſelves with great amaze;

If you your danger once could ſee,
You'd quickly turn and follow me.
12 Let me invite you now to day,
To come to Jeſus while you may,
For fear to morrow 'll be too late,
And you muſt ſhare the rich man's fate.
13 And now the water I embrace,
My ſoul renew'd by heav'nly grace;
When Jeſus ſhews to me the way,
Why ſhould I longer from it ſtay?

XVIII.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No ſword nor ſpear the ſtripling took;
But choſe a pebble from the brook.
2 'Twas Iſrael's God and King
That ſent him to the fight,
Who gave him ſtrength to ſling,
And ſkill to aim aright.
Ye feeble Saints, your ſtrength endures,
Becauſe young David's God is yours.
3 Who order'd Gideon forth
To ſtorm th' Invader's Camp,
With arms of little worth,
A Pitcher and a Lamp:
The Trumpets made his coming known
And all the hoſts were overthrown.
4 O I have ſeen the day
When with one ſingle word,
God helping me to ſay
"My truſt is in the Lord;"

My Soul has quell'd a thouſand foes
Fearleſs of all that could oppoſe;
But Unbelief, Self-Will,
Self-Righteouſneſs and pride
How often do they ſteal.
My Weapons from my ſide;
Yet David's Lord, and Gedeon's Friend,
Will help his Servants to the end.

XIX.

1 "WE'VE found the rock" the trav'ller cries,
"In ſhady groves by runing ſides."
2 Come Chriſtians drink the balmy dew,
'Twas ſhed and giv'n anew for you.
3 This coſtly mixture cures the Soul
When Sin and Guilt has made it foul:
4 It makes me merry while I ſing
And ſhout Salvation to my King.
5 There's Glory Glory in my Soul;
Come Mourners ſee Salvation roll.
6 I wiſh you could believe in God
And ſink into the purple flood.
7 O Chriſtians we have Heav'n to day—night
It ſhines around with dazzling ray—light.
8 Now in this light let's fly away
Where there's no night; but perfect day.
9 O then we'll blow the golden Flute,
And praiſe the Man that gain'd our Suit.
10 Then Jeſus in a ſhining veſt
Will ſmile and lead us up to reſt.
11 Then let us pray to perſevere,
And never ſtop till we get there.

XX.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy Grace;
Streams of mercy never ceaſing
Call for Songs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious Sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praiſe the Mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming Love.
2 Here I raiſe my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy Grace I've come;
And I truſt by thy good pleaſure
Safely to arrive at home:
Jeſus fought me when a ſtranger
Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
He to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.
3 O to Grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let thy Goodneſs like a fetter
Bind my wand'ring Soul to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O take and ſeal it!
Seal it for thy Courts above.
4 O! that day when freed from ſining
I ſhall ſee thy lovely face!
Richly cloth'd in blood-waſhed Linen,
How I'll ſing thy Sov'reign Grace!
Come dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd Soul away;
Send thine Angels down to carry
Me to realms of endleſs day.
5 If thou ever didſt diſcover
To my Faith the promis'd Land;

Bid me now the ſtream paſs over,
On the Heav'nly border ſtand:
Now ſurmount whate'er oppoſes,
Into thine embrace I fly;
Speak the word thou ſpak'ſt to Moſes,
Bid me " Get me up and die."

XXI.

1 HAIL! Sov'reign Lord who firſt began
The ſcheme to reſcue fallen man!
Hail! matchleſs, free, eternal Grace
Which gave my Soul a hiding place.
2 Againſt the God who rules the ſky
I fought with hands uplifted high,
Deſpis'd the mercies of his Grace;
Too grand to ſeek a hiding place.
3 I roll'd in thick Egyptian night
Fonder of darkneſs than of light,
Madly I ran the ſinful race
Secure without a hiding place.
4 But thus Eternal Counſel ran
" Almighty pow'r arreſt the man;"
I felt the arrows of diſtreſs,
And found I had no hiding place."
5 Indignant juſtice ſtood in view,
To Sinai's fiery Mount I flew;
But juſtice cry'd with frowning face
" This Moutain is no hiding place."
6 At length a Heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy for my Soul appear'd,
Which led me on a pleaſing pace
To Jeſus as my hiding place.
7 Should ſtorms of ſev'nfold thunder roll,
And ſhake the globe from pole to pole;

No thunder bolts could daunt my face,
For Jeſus is my hiding place.
8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which might have ſunk the World to Hell;
He bore it for the ſinful race,
And thus became a hiding place.
9 A few more rolling ſcenes at moſt
Will land my Soul on Canaan's coaſt,
Where I ſhall ſing my ſong of Grace,
And ſee my glorious hiding place.

XXII.

1 COME ſee my caſe, O bleeding Lamb!
In mercy take me as I am,
Quite naked, and put clothing on;
A ſtranger, and call me a Son.
2 Burden'd with guilt, Lord pity me,
A bond-man, O my Soul ſet free;
I'm vile, not fit to join thy Saints,
A creature all made up of wants.
3 By nature I have nothing good,
All muſt be bought me by thy blood;
But ſince thy wounds are open wide,
I hope in Jeſus Crucify'd.
4 Thy blood man's fouleſt ſins does cure,
Thy wounds their backward Souls allure;
Thy blood ſtrange changes works in man;
For wond'rous works the Lamb was ſlain.
5 The Bible doth thy pity ſhew,
I truſt in thy word ſweet and true,
" Souls come to me and no more doubt,
" For him that comes I'll not caſt out."
6 Renew my Soul, plant Grace this day,
Give me a heart to mourn and pray:

Oh! kill in me this rebel ſin,
Reſtore thine Image Lord within!
7 O deareſt Lord! didſt not thou bleed
To purchaſe ev'ry thing we need?
Did not thy blood flow free to heal
Diſtreſſed ſouls whoſe plagues they feel.
8 We feel our ſins, Lord help us ſoon,
And in us let thy Will be done:
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in Chriſt who ſaves the loſt.

XXIII.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my troubled weary ſpirit
Now finds reſt in thee my God.
2 I am ſafe, and I am happy
While in thy dear arms I lie:
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me
While my Saviour is ſo nigh.
3 Now I'll ſing of Jeſus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any wants his Spirit,
He is ſtill the very ſame.
4 He that aſketh ſoon receiveth,
He that ſeeks is ſure to finds;
Who of comfort is bereaved,
Jeſus never caſts behind.
5 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God:
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchaſe of his blood.
6 Now methinks I hear him praying
"Father ſpare them, I have dy'd:"

And the Father anſwers ſaying
"They are freely juſtify'd

XXIV.

1 JESUS my All to Heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow Way, till him I view.
2 The way the holy Prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment;
The King's high-way of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
3 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.
4 The more I ſtrove againſt its power,
I ſin'd and ſtumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay
"Come hither Souls, I am the way."
5 Lo! glad I come, and thou bleſt Lamb
Wilt take me to thee whoſe I am;
Nothing but Sin I thee can give
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.
6 Now I will tell poor Sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay "Behold the Way to God."

XXV.

1 JESUS thou odoriferous name!
The Heav'nly Choirs' tranſporting theme!
The object of tranſcendent love!
In and by whom all Creatures move!

Grant me perpetual ſmiles, whilſt I
Struck by Glory
Fall before thee
Holy, holy, holy cry!
2 When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay
Glorious Angels ſhall convey,
Upon their golden wings ſhall I
Be wafted far above the ſky,
There to behold him free from harms;
Beauty Vernal,
Springs Eternal
In my lovely Jeſus' arms.
3 What hath the world to equal this,
The ſolid joys of heav'nly bliſs,
The joys immortal, love divine,
The love of Jeſus ever mine;
For greater joys I'm bound to know
From terreſtial
To celeſtial
When I up to Jeſus go.
4 There in ſweet ſilent raptures wait
Till the ſaints glory is compleat;
Till the laſt trump of God ſhall ſound,
Break up the graves and tear the ground;
And then deſcending with the lamb,
Ev'ry ſpirit
Shall inherit
Bodies of immortal frame.
5 O tireſome World! when will it end?
When ſhall I ſee my heav'nly friend?
When will the lovely Saviour come,
And take his weary Pilgrim home?
When ſhall I meet him in the ſky;
There adore him,
Fall before him,
Welcome, welcome, welcome cry?

XXVI.

1 GIRD your loins up Chriſtian Soldier,
Lo! thy captain calls thee out!
Let the danger make the bolder:
War in weakneſs, dare in doubt.
2 Buckle on the heav'nly armour,
Patch up no inglorious peace;
Let thy courage wax the warmer,
As thy foes and fears increaſe.
3 Bind the golden girdle round thee,
Truth to keep thee firm and tight:
Never ſhall the foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains the fight
4 Righteouſneſs within thee rooted
May appear to take thy part;
But let righteouſneſs imputed
Be the breaſt-plate of thy heart.
5 Shod with Goſpel preparation,
In the paths of promiſe tread:
Let the hope of free ſalvation
As an helmet guard thy head.
6 When beſet with various evils
Wield the ſpirit's two edg'd ſword;
Cut thy way through troops of Devils,
While they fall before the word.
7 But when dangers cloſer threaten,
And thy ſoul draws near to death,
When aſſaulted ſore by Satan,
Then preſent the ſhield of Faith.
8 Fiery darts of fierce temptations
Intercepted by thy God,
They ſhall looſe their force in patience,
Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.

9 Tho' to ſpeak you be not able,
Always pray and never reſt;
Pray'rs a weapon for the feeble,
Weakeſt ſouls can wield it beſt.
10 Ever on thy Captain calling
Make thy worſt condition known;
He ſhall hold thee up when falling,
Or ſhall raiſe thee up when down.

XXVII.

1 CHRISTIANS raiſe your cheerful voices,
Shout aloud your maker's praiſe;
Every Angel loud rejoices;
Come like them your triumphs raiſe.
Chriſt the Alpha and Omega
Claims your praiſes as his own,
He has ſuffer'd to redeem you:
Well he then deſerves the crown.
2 Strange that men ſhould e'er imagine
They are choſen by the Lord,
When they live a life of ſining,
Trifling with his holy word!
Bold they tell you they're converted,
God's election they eſteem,
When in fact they're but perverted,
Turn'd from bad to worſe again.
3 Election's truth beyond contention,
A doctrine taught by word and grace;
Choſe of ſin to make confeſſion,
Choſe to run the heav'nly race;
None but tender, broken hearted,
None but humble foll'wers here,
Who with ſin and ſelf have parted,
Shall before the Lamb appear.
4 Vain is all the diſputation
Perſeverance to reſolve,

When ſo many make profeſſion,
Yet in ſin ſo oft involve.
Let your faith by works be ſpoken
All your words and ways ſincere;
This ſhall be the ſureſt token
All the Saints ſhall perſevere.
5 This ſhall ſolve the important queſtion
(Better than each golden dream)
Whether thou'rt a real Chriſtian:
This ſhall prove your love to him.
Then with boldneſs we may venture
Perſeverance to defend,
When each Saint with good behaviour
Perſeveres unto the end.

XXVIII.

1 OH! give me Lord my ſins to mourn,
My ſins which have thy body torn?
Give me with broken heart to ſee
Thy laſt tremendous agony!
2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that bleeding ſight!
O that with Salim's daughters I
Could ſtand and ſee my Saviour die!
3 I'd ſmite my breaſt, and weep and mourn,
And never from the croſs return:
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jeſus' blood!
4 I'd hang around his feet, and cry
"Lord ſave a ſoul condemn'd to die!
"And let a wretch come near thy throne
"To plead the merits of thy ſon."
5 Father of mercy drop thy frown,
And give me ſhelter in thy ſon;
And with my broken heart comply
O give me Jeſus or I die!

5 O Lord! deny me what thou wilt,
If thou would'ſt eaſe my ſoul from guilt:
Good Lord! In mercy hear my cry
And give me Jeſus, or I die!
6 O ſave my ſoul from gaping Hell,
Or elſe with Devils I muſt dwell:
O might I enter now I'm come!
Lord Jeſus ſave me or I'm gone!

XXIX.

1 WHEN John grew a man baptizing began,
Believers in Jordon confeſſing their ſin.
2 The Phariſees came in Abraham's name
For to be baptized, and laid in their claim.
3 "You Vipers" ſaid he, "who warn'd you to flee?
"Bring forth your repentance that fruits I may ſee.
4 "And ſay not indeed you're Abraham's ſeed,
"And ſo for baptiſm aright have to plead."
5 Baptiſm you ſee, an Ordinance be
For none but believers a privilege free.
6 From Galilee came Chriſt Jeſus the Lamb
For to be baptized, and was not aſham'd.
7 To the Saviour ſaid he, "why comes thou to me,
"When that I have need to be baptiz'd of thee?
8 "O ſuffer it ſo; It becomes us to ſhow
"All righteous obedience wherever we go."
9 When the rights were perform'd, and Jeſus return'd
The Heavens were open'd--by John 'twas diſcern'd
10 The Spirit from above deſcends like a dove,
And lights on the Saviour in token of love.
11 Thus Chriſtians we ſee the whole Trinity
To honor baptiſm do jointly agree.
12 We'll not be aſham'd where Jeſus is nam'd;
To believers he's precious tho' ſinners blaſpheme.
13 We'll follow him down to the water we're bound,
In Matthew the third the example is found.

XXX.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
and let our joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.
2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.
3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But favourites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.
4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas:
5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love.
He will ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
6 There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never, never ſin:
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.
7 Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.
8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Sion yields,
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.
10 Then let our ſongs abound
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

XXXI.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring
I could for ever think and ſing:
Ariſe ye guilty, he'll forgive,
Ariſe ye needy, he'll relieve.
2 Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis given,
Aſk, and he turns your Hell to Heav'n:
Tho' ſin and ſorrow wound my ſoul,
Jeſu, thy balm will make it whole.
3 To ſhame our ſins he bluſh'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to ſhew us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God ſuch love could ſhow.
'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I ſhed my tears, and make my moan.
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love!
5 Inſatiate, to the ſpring I fly,
I drink, but yet am ever dry:
Ah! who againſt thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

XXXII.

1 WHY ſhould this earth delight us ſo;
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds, where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?
2 While time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.
3 Nature muſt be diſſolv'd, and die,
The ſun muſt end his race,
The earth and ſea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
4 When will that glorious morning riſe,
When the laſt trumpet's ſound
Shall call the nations to the ſkies.
From underneath the ground?

XXXIII.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound
Let all the nations know
To earth's remoteſt bound:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.
2 Jeſus our great High Prieſt
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary ſpirits reſt,
Ye mournful ſouls be glad.
The year of Jubilee is came,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.
3 Extol the lamb of God,
The all-atoning lamb;

Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

5 Ye who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

6 The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace,
And ſav'd from wrath, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

XXXIV.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

2 Thy body ſlain, ſweet Jeſus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious ſuff'rer ſtood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree;

Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

4 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker died
For man the creature's ſin!

5 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here Lord, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

XXXV.

1 COME, ye ſinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
Without money
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the fitneſs he requires
Is to feel your need of him,
This he gives you,
'Tis the ſpirit's glim'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden'd,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous;
Sinners Jesus came to call.
5 Agonizing in the garden
Lo! your maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies
"It is finish'd:
Sinners, will not this suffice?
6 Lo! the incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Saints on earth may do the same.

XXXVI.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit.
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
2 Rest for my soul I long to find,
Saviour of all, if mine thou art
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of in-bred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4 Fain would I learn of thee my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
6 Come Lord, the drooping sinner cheer!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart appear!
My God! my saviour; come away.

XXXVII.

1 TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no;
Am I his, or am I not?
2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task, a burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain
If I Knew a Saviour's love?
3 When I turn my eyes within
All is dark and vain and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin
Can I deem myself a child?
4 When I pray, or hear, or read
Sin is mix'd with all I do:
You that love the Lord indeed
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?
6 Could I joy his Saints to meet,
Chuſe the way I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promiſe ſweet
If I did not love the Lord?
7 Lord! decide the doubtful caſe,
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace
If it be indeed begun.
8 Let me love thee more and more
If I love at all, I pray!
If I have not lov'd before
Help me to begin to day.

XXXVIII.

1 HE dies! the heav'nly lover dies!
The tidings ſtrike a doleful ſound
On my poor heart-ſtrings; "deep he lies
"In the cold caverns of the ground;"
2 Come Saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear boſom of your God;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
"The Lord of Glory dies for Men;"
But lo! what ſudden joys I ſee,
"Jeſus the dead revives again;"
4 The riſing God forſakes his tomb,
Up to his Father's Court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

5 Break off your tears ye Saints, and tell
How high your great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of Hell,
And led the monſter Death in chains;
6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave;"
Then aſk "O death where is thy ſting?
"And where thy vict'ry boaſting grave?"

XXXIX.

1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day.
To take this ſtubborn ſtone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine:
2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The ſeas can roar, the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling, all things ſhew ſome ſign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3 To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt
Dear Lord an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine
4 Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought) which Devils fear;
Goodneſs and wrath in vain combine
To ſtir this ſtupid heart of mine.
5 But ſomething yet can do the deed,
And that dear ſomething much I need;
Thy ſpirit can from droſs refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

XL.

ONCE there was a precious ſeaſon,
When my Saviour ſmil'd on me;

Ev'ry groan his grace did ſweeten,
Ev'ry bond his love ſat free.
Patient I could bear affliction,
Never murmer at the pain;
Juſt conception, reſignation
Cheerfully did me ſuſtain.
2 Joyfully I heard his preaching,
Read his word with vaſt deligh
While his ſpirit gently teaching
Was my comfort day and night.
Sweet was Chriſtian converſation,
Chriſt and grace was all my theme!
Oh! thoſe days of conſolation!
How delighted I have been!
3 Had I guarded ev'ry paſſion,
Watching daily unto pray'r,
Of each ſin made juſt confeſſion.
I had never felt this ſnare.
Now my Saviour's ſmiles are wanting,
Now my groans perpetual riſe;
Ev'ry hope of Joy is failing:
Now I vent my fruitleſs cries.
4 Juſt conception, reſignation
From my breaſt are far remov'd;
Now I murmer at affliction,
Doubting if I ever lov'd
Oft I hear the Goſpel ſounded,
Oft I read the Saviour's name;
Yet my heart moſt deeply wounded
Still remains unmov'd the ſame.
5 If I ever knew the Saviour,
If my ſoul was born again,
Deep back-ſliding, baſe behaviour!
How deluded I have been!

Thus to crucify my Jeſus,
Pierce and wound his tender hands,
Tempt the Holy Ghoſt to leave us
In the temple of his friends!
6 Now I've fearful apprehenſions
Whether Chriſt I ever knew,
Though I made a great profeſſion
Yet 'twas rather falſe than true.
O that Jeſus was my Saviour!
That is all my ſoul's deſire.
A portion Lord, within thy favour
Tho' I enter there tho' fire.

XLI.

1 THE time draws nigh when you and I
Are to be ſeparated;
But this doth grieve our hearts, to leave
Each other, to be parted;
But let us ſee eternity,
And meet the Saints with joy,
Our ſighings o'er we'll part no more;
But reign with Chriſt in Glory.
2 When Chriſtians join it is moſt fine
For to adore their Saviour;
High they can raiſe their ſongs of praiſe,
And follow him for ever;
But when they part it grieves their heart,
They here are ſo united;
They fain would be in company
Always, they're ſo delighted.
3 Well, Brethren dear don't let us fear,
We ſoon ſhall live together;
When Chriſt deſcends to call his friends
We ſhall meet one another

Then to ſet down, around the throne.
With Saints and lovely Jeſus,
Eternal love we'll ſing above,
And nothing then will grieve us.
4 The Lamb appears to wipe our tears
And to compleat our glory;
Then we ſhall reſt with all the bleſt,
And tell the lovely ſtory:
To ſet and tell "Chriſt lov'd us well,
"And that while we were ſinners."
Heaven will ring while Saints do ſing
"The Glory's the Redeemer's."

XLII.

1 HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours
When Jeſus no longer I ſee!
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds and ſweet flow'rs
Have all loſt their ſweetneſs with me.
The mid-ſummer ſun-ſhine's but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him
December's as pleaſant as May.
2 His name yields the richeſt perfume.
And ſweeter than muſick his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I ſhould (were he always thus nigh)
Have nothing to wiſh for or fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.
3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſign'd,
No changes of ſeaſon or place
Would make any change in my mind:

While bleſt with a ſenſe of his love
A Palace a Toy would appear,
And Priſons would Palaces prove
If Jeſus would dwell with me there.
4 Dear Lord if indeed I am thine.
If thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul cheering preſence reſtore,
Or take me unto thee on high
Where winter and clouds are no more.

XLIII.

1 STILL out of the deepeſt abyſs
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
And ſee my Redeemer and die:
I cannot, I cannot forbear
Theſe paſſionate longings for home;
O! when will my ſpirit be there;
O! when will the meſſenger come?
2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine Image on earth to regain;
And then in the grave to lay down
This burden of Body and pain.
O Jeſus in pity draw near,
And lull me to ſleep on thy breaſt!
Appear to my reſcue appear,
And gather me into thy reſt.
3 To take a poor Fugitive in
The arms of thy mercy diſplay,
And give me to reſt from all ſin,
And bear me triumphant away;

Away from a world of diſtreſs,
Away to the manſions above;
A Heaven of ſeeing thy face,
A Heaven of feeling thy love.

XLIV.

1 O THOU God of my Salvation!
My Redeemer from all ſin!
Mov'd to this by great compaſſion,
Yearning bowels from within:
I wou'd praiſe thee,
Where ſhall I thy praiſe begin?
2 While the Angel Choirs are crying
" Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them wou'd ſtill be vieing
" Glory Glory to the Lamb:
O! how precious
Is the ſound of Jeſus' name!
3 Now I ſee with joy and wonder
Whence thoſe healing ſtreams aroſe,
Angels minds are loſt to ponder
Dying love's miſterious cauſe;
Yet the bleſſing
Down in love to me it flows.
4 Though unſeen I love the Saviour,
He almighty Grace has ſhewn;
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour
This to mortals he makes known;
Give him Glory:
Glory Glory is his own.
5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the Grace that crowns us,
Glad to join our holy Song:
Hallelujah!
Love and Praiſe to Chriſt belong.

XLV.

1 O HASTEN Lord the happy day
When Chriſt ſhall bear my Soul away
To the ſweet realms of peace above
Where I ſhall ever taſte his love.
2 When once I quit this clod of clay,
And riſe with ſaints at that great day
I never more ſhall thirſt nor ſin;
But ſhall drink endleſs pleaſures in.
3 O then I'll bid you all farewell
Nor ever fear the ſnares of Hell;
For Jeſus then will be my friend,
And all my ſorrows have an end.
4 O then he'll ſay " come here my love,
" And reign with me in peace above;
" For I have bought you with my blood
" To reſt you with my father God."
5 And ſhall I ever be ſo bleſt
As for to enter into reſt
With Chriſt my everlaſting King,
And join with Saints his love to ſing?
6 O bleſſed Jeſus! here I am;
Wilt thou be pleas'd to own my name
When I before thy throne ſhall come
To meet my everlaſting doom?
7 Yes, in my Saviour I will truſt,
And tho' this body mould to duſt,
My ſpirit ſhall fly out and ſing
Eternal praiſes to my King.
8 O let us ever praiſe his name,
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb;
And thus we praiſe the heav'nly Dove,
Father of mercy, God of Love.

XLVI.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread
We all must soon appear;
Our sinful souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown
When rob'd in Majesty and Pow'r
Thou shal't from Heav'n come down;
The Immortal Son of Man
To judge the human race,
With all thy father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
To damp our earthly joys

3 To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the Arch-Angel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn mid-night cry
"Ye dead the Judge is come,
"Arise and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom."

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

XLVII.

1 I'M tir'd of visits modes and forms,
And flatt'ry paid to fellow worms,
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours and empty stuff;
But I can never enjoy enough
Of thy sweet company my Lord,
Thou life of all my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his ~~tongue~~ love
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue;
In mid-night shades, on frosty ground
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December co'd,
Nor think the darkness long.

3 There while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own;
But bare it all for me.

4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er
Till I am drown'd in tears;
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There's a strange joy beats round my heart,
The curs'd tree has blessings in't,
My sweetest balm it bears.

5 I hear the glorious suff'rer tell
How on the cross he vanquish'd Hell,
And all the pow'rs beneath;

Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song,
How hath the Serpent lost his sting,
And where's thy vict'ry Death?
6 But when he shews his hands, his heart,
And those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire;
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds
With more intense desire.
7 Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart
In ev'ry woe he bears a part;
His arms embrace me, and his hand
My drooping head sustains
8 Fly from my thoughts all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting Kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of Amira's hair;
Thine arms my God are sweeter bands,
Nor shall my heart remove.

XLVIII.

1 SEE the Eternal Judge descending
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now poor sinner Christ will shew thee
That he is the eternal Son:
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the Sinner now lamenting
At the thoughts of fiercer pain;
Cries and tears are now a-venting
But he weeps and cries in vain,
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.
3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour
With the marks of dying love;
Oh! that I had sought his favor
When I felt his spirit move!
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.
4 All his wooing I have slighted
While he daily sought my soul;
If my vows to him I plighted
Yet for sin I broke them all;
Golden moments
How neglected did they roll!
5 Yonder sits my Godly neighbours
Who were once dispis'd by me;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendor
Waiting my sad fate to see;
Farewell Neighbours——
Dismal gulf I'm bound for thee!
6 Hail ye Ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, ratling of your chains!
Christ has now denounced my sentence
For to dwell in endless pains;
Down I'm rolling
Never to return again.
7 Now experience plainly shews me
Hell is not a fabled thing;
Now I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing:
I'm tormented
With an everlasting sting.

XLIX.

1 COME guilty Souls and flee away
Like doves to Jesus' wounds;
This is the welcome Gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
2 God lov'd the world and gave his son,
To drink the Cup of wrath;
And Jesus says he'll cast out none,
That come to him by faith.
3 Altho' thy sins like mountains rise,
His blood shall cover all:
And blessings from the higher skies
In gentle streams shall fall.

L.

1 OH! what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace,
So strong to deliver so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!
2 How happy's the man whose heart is set free!
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace.
3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteouness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold they shall appear in the presence of God
4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My Soul's new creation, a life from the dead
The day of Salvation, that lifts up my head.

5 Yea, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy mercy to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of them that believe.

LI.

1 BRETHREN farewell I do you tell
That you and I must part:
I go away and here you stay;
But still we join in heart.
2 Your love to me has run most free,
Your conversation sweet,
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet?
3 Yet I do find my heart inclin'd
To do my work below;
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready for to go.
4 I leave you all both great and small
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from death and Grave,
And shield you from all harms.
5 I trust you'll pray both night and day
(And keep your garments white)
For you and me, that we may be
The Children of the light.
6 If you die first, amen you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal Crown.
7 If I'm call'd home while I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King
Through all Eternity.

8 Millions of years over the ſpheres
Shall paſs in ſweet repoſe,
While beauties bright unto my ſight
Their ſacred ſweets diſcloſe.
9 I long to go, then farewell woe,
My Soul will be at reſt;
No more ſhall I complain or ſigh;
But taſte the heav'ly feaſt.
10 O may we meet and be compleat,
And long together dwell;
And ſerve the Lord with one accord!
So Brethren all farewell.

LII.

1 EARTH has detain'd me Pris'ner long;
But I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue
There's nothing here for you.
2 Tired myſelf I lay me down,
And upward caſt my eyes,
Upward, my father, to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.
3 There the dear man, my Saviour ſits;
The God how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
4 Seraphs with elevated ſtrains
Circle the throne around;
And charm, and move the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.
5 Jeſus the Lord their harps emp'oys,
"Jeſus my love," they ſing;
"Jeſus" the God of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

6 Now would I riſe and join the ſong,
And be an Angel too;
My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue
There's joyful work for you.
7 I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe;
O! for ſome heav'nly note to bear
My ſpirit to the ſkies!

LIII.

1 THINK worldling, think, alas! how vain!
Could'ſt thou this ſpacious earth obtain,
And graſp it all from pole to pole
Yet loſe thine own immortal ſoul.
2 What will thy mighty wealth avail
When ſickneſs ſhall thy health aſſail?
Or when the pow'rful hand of death
Shall ſeize upon thy mortal breath?
3 Think on the man who vainly ſaid,
"Take eaſe my Soul, for there is laid
"Sufficient ſtore for many years
"To baniſh all your crouding fears."
4 But Oh! how ſoon his bliſs expir'd!
"Thou fool" ſaid God "Thy ſoul's requir'd;
"And all thoſe heaps thou counteſt thine,
"Thou ſhalt this very night reſign."
5 O worldling here a warning take,
Your gilded pleaſures now forſake;
Improve your time and talent giv'n,
And lay your treaſure up in Heaven.
6 Will all your vaſt poſſeſſions buy
A manſion for your ſoul on high,
When you're confin'd of God to dwell
For ever in the lake of Hell?

7 Can wealth aſſuage the troubled mind,
Or make the furious Devils kind?
Can all the wealth from pole to pole
Redeem one loſt, immortal ſoul?
8 No worldling, no; who e'er thou art,
If here on earth thou haſt thy heart,
However large thy ſhare may be
Eternal wants remain for thee.

LIV.

1 THE trumpet of God is ſounding abroad;
The language of mercy, "Salvation thro' [blood.'
2 Thrice happy are they who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel-day.
3 Their anguiſh and ſmart, and ſorrow depart,
Who find this ſalvation inſcrib'd on their heart.
4 True pleaſures abound in the rapturous ſound,
And they that have found it have paradiſe found.
5 Our Jeſus to know, and feel his blood flow
'Tis life everlaſting, 'Tis Heaven below.
6 This bleſſing be mine thro' favor divine;
But, O my redeemer! The glory be thine.

LV.

1 WHEN will this war of paſſions ceaſe,
And my poor ſoul enjoy thy peace?
When ſhall my ſins be dead indeed,
And I from bondage quite be freed?
2 I mourn, I ſigh, I feel the ſmart
Of Adam's ſin, it wounds my heart;
I wiſh to live in wiſdom's ways,
But woe is me, my wretched days!

3 Yet, true it is I once could ſay
That all my ſins were done away,
In Jeſus's blood I pardon felt,
And all my pow'rs within did melt.
4 Then I could ſing the ſong above
While my hard heart was turn'd to love,
I never thought to ſin again,
Or feel the war of ſins remain.
5 But all my happineſs I find
Now mixt with ſin, to ſin inclin'd;
Which often makes me think or ſay
"I ſurely ſhall be caſt away."
6 Yet ſtill I know I find within
A longing ſigh to die to ſin;
To ſerve the Lord I with and pray
As long as there is night or day.
7 To finiſh all my courſe below,
That when death comes to bid me go,
My ſoul may leave this heavy clay,
And join the triumphs of the day.

LVI

1 LORD! when together here we meet,
And taſte thy heav'nly grace,
Thy ſmiles are ſo divinely ſweet
We're loth to leave the place.
2 Yet Father, ſince it is thy will
That we muſt part again,
O let thy precious preſence ſtill
With ev'ry one remain.
3 Thus let us all in Chriſt be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne
Shall joyfully meet above.

4 There ſin and ſorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly,
And not one thought that we ſhould part
Once intercept our joy.
5 There void of all diſtracting pains
Our ſpirits ne'er ſhall tire;
But in Seraphic heav'nly ſtrains
Redeeming love admire.
6 And thus through all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly ſhore,
The great myſterious One in Three
Jehovah we'll adore.

LVII.

1 COME Chriſtian friends, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
He is the light of Saints below,
Their ſtrength and comfort from him flow.
2 Tho' all the world ſhould ſpread its wings,
And tempt them with ten thouſand things,
They can't forget that heav'nly love
Which brought a Saviour from above.
4 For us he bow'd his awful head
Down to the regions of the dead,
To take away our weighty guilt
The Saviours ſacred blood was ſpilt.
4 Now hear him call, now hear him plead,
For us he lives to intercede;
He's left the tomb, aſcended high
Above the curtains of the ſky.
5 How charming is that heav'nly call
The Goſpel ſounding free to all!
Come Sinners hear, and ſee, and taſte
The joys which cannot be expreſs'd.

LVIII.

1 DRESS'D uniform the Soldiers are
When duty calls abroad,
Not purchas'd at their coſt or care,
But by their Prince beſtow'd.
2 Chriſt's Soldiers too, if Chriſt-like bred
Have a reg'mental dreſs,
'Tis linen white and fac'd with red,
'Tis Chriſt's own righteouſneſs.
3 A rich and precious robe it is
Unto the ſoldier dear;
No roſe can learn to bluſh like this
Nor lilly look ſo fair.
4 'Tis of one piece and wove throughout
So curiouſly, that none
Can dreſs them in the ſeamleſs coat
'Till Jeſus puts it on.
5 'Tis wrought by Jeſus' ſkilful hand,
'Tis ting'd in his own blood;
It makes the Cherubs gazing ſtand,
To view this robe of God.
6 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of ſuch texture fine;
Nor could the wealth of all the globe
By purchaſe make it mine.
7 This veſture never waxeth old,
No ſpot thereon can fall;
It makes a Soldier briſk and bold
And dutiful withall.
8 This robe put on me Lord each day,
And it ſhall hide my ſhame,
Shall make me fight and ſing and pray,
And bleſs my Captain's name.

LIX

1 CURST be the man, for ever curſt
Who doth one wilful ſin commit;
" Death and Damnation for the firſt
" Without relief, and infinite."
2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the Earth
Thunder and fire, and vengeance flings;
But Jeſus thy dear gaſping breath,
And Calvary ſay gentler things.
3 Pardon and grace and boundleſs love
Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
And life and joys, and Crowns above,
Dear purchaſe of a bleeding God.
4 Hark! how he prays! the charming ſound
Dwells on his dying lips, " forgive;"
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries " Father let the Rebels live!
5 Go you that reſt upon the law;
And toil, and ſeek ſalvation there,
Look to the flames which Moſes ſaw,
And ſhrink and tremble, and deſpair.
6 But I'll retire beneath the croſs,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie,
And the keen ſword that Juſtice draws
Flaming and red ſhall paſs me by.

LX.

1 NOW the ſhades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord we would be thine to day,
Drives the ſhades of night away.
2 Make our ſouls as noon day clear,
Banith ev'ry doubt and fear;

In thy vineyard Lord to day,
We would labor, we would pray.
3 Keep our Rebel paſſions bound
Riſing up and ſetting down;
Going out; and coming in
Guard us ſafe from ev'ry ſin.
4 When the work of life is paſt
O! receive our ſouls at laſt,
There our labour will be o'er,
Night and ſin ſhall be no more.

LXI

1 THE day is paſt and gone,
The evening ſhades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death is near.
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to reſt;
So Death will ſoon diſrobe us all
Of that we now poſſeſs.
3 Lord keep us ſafe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love
'Till morning light appears.
4 And when we early riſe,
And view the unwaried Sun,
May we ſet out to win the prize,
And after Glory run.
5 And when our days are paſt,
And we from time remove,
O! may we in thy boſom reſt,
The boſom of thy love.

LXII.

1 THE glory appears, saints shake off your fears,
The voice of salvation salutes your glad ears.
2 The Saviour is King, rise mortals, and sing;
With praises to Jesus the Heaven's shall ring.
3 Ye angels accord, salute your dear Lord
Live Jesus, live Jesus for ever ador'd.
4 All nations shall hear the Jubilee year,
And come to the Saviour, the Saviour most dear.
5 Oppofers shall fall, and perish shall all
Who will not now hearken to Jesus' sweet call.
6 Ye saints of his choice, in Jesus rejoice,
And praise your redeemer with heart and glad voice
7 The day is your own, this soon shall be known,
And thro'out all nations Christ's will shall be done.
8 Join Angels and Men in praise to him then,
Cry Glory, cry Glory to Jesus. Amen.

LXIII.

1 ARISE my tender thoughts, arise
Till torrents melt my streaming eyes,
And thou my soul with anguish feel
These evils which thou can'st not heal.
2 See human nature sunk in shame!
See scandal pour'd on Jeses' name!
The Father wounded thro' the Son!
The world abus'd, the Soul undone!
4 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night.
In flames that no abatement know
Tho' briny tears for ever flow!
4 My God! I feel the mournful scene,
My bowels yearn o'er dying men,

And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brand from the flame.
5 But feeble my compassions prove,
I can but weep where most I love;
Thine own all-conquering arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

LXIV.

1 YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes, and vent'rous song
To worlds of glory soar.
2 If thou my daring flight forbid,
The muse folds up her wings;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.
3 Her slender reed inspir'd by thee
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on ev'ry tree,
And spreads a Heav'n below.
4 She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath;
And calls the angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.
5 But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

LXV

1 THE Heav'ns invite mine eye,
The Stars salute me round:
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.

2 My warmer ſpirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wiſh aloud for wings of love
To raiſe me ſwift and high.
3 Beyond thoſe chryſtal vaults,
And all their ſparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings of thy walls.
4 Vain world, farewell to you;
Heav'n is my native air;
I bid my friends a ſhort adieu,
Impatient to be there.
5 I Feel my pow'rs releaſt
From their old fleſhy clod;
Fair guardian bear me up in haſte
And ſet me near my God.

LXVI

1 O BLESSED eſtate of the Dead,
The Dead that have died in the Lord!
From trouble and miſery freed,
And ſure of their endleſs reward:
By ſorrow no longer oppreſs'd
When join'd to the Spirits above;
With Jeſus in Glory they reſt,
They reſt in the arms of his love.
2 O! when will the Saviour extend
The arms of his mercy to me?
The days of my Pilgrimage end,
My ſoul from its priſon ſet free?
When will the dear moment arrive
Which often I've pin'd for in vain?
And ſtill I wou'd die to reviye,
And ſuffer with Jeſus to reign.

3 Ah! give me to bow my faint head,
My ſorrowful ſoul to reſign,
From pain everlaſting freed
To reſt in thy boſom divine.
4 My Saviour, why doſt thou delay
To call a poor wanderer home?
Come quickly, and bear me away,
The Bride and the Spirit ſay "come."

LXVII.

1 COME you that know the Lord indeed,
Who are from ſin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow happy road.
2 Great tribulation you ſhall meet,
But ſoon ſhall walk the golden ſtreet;
Tho' Hell may rage and vent her ſpite,
Yet Chriſt will ſave his heart's delight.
3 The happy day will ſoon appear
When Gabriel's trumpet you ſhall hear
Sound thro' the Earth and down to Hell
To call the nations great and ſmall.
4 Behold the righteous marching home!
And all the Angels bid them come;
Whilſt Chriſt the Judge with joy proclaims
"Here comes my Saints, I own their names.
5 "Ye everlaſting doors fly wide,
"Make room for to receive my bride,
"Ye Bells in Heaven ſound aloud
"Here comes the purchaſe of my Blood.
6 In grandeur ſee the Royal Line
In glittering Robes the Sun outſhine!
See Saints and Angels join in one
And march in ſplendour to the throne!

7 They ſtand with wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal ſong
The great redeemer to admire,
While raptures ſet their ſouls on fire.

LXVIII.

1 CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and ſnow will do no harm;
If by Jeſus you are priz'd
Now ariſe and be baptiz'd.
2 Jeſus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curſe to mortals due;
Children prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen ſtream.
3 Never ſhun the Saviour's Croſs,
All on earth is worthleſs droſs;
If the Saviour's love you feel
Let the world behold your zeal.
4 Fire is good to warm the ſoul,
Water purifies the foul,
Fire and water both agree:
Winter Soldiers never flee.
5 Ev'ry ſeaſon of the year
Let your worſhip be ſincere;
When the ſtorms prevent your roam
Serve your gracious God at home.
6 Read his ſacred word by day,
Sing his praiſes, always pray;
Meditate his Law by night:
This will give you great delight.

LXIX.

1 HOW long ſhall Death the Tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the Juſt,
While the rich blood of Martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt;

2 When will the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond deſires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.
3 Let faith ariſe and climb the hills,
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his choriot wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.
4 Lo! I behold the ſcattering ſhades,
The dawn of Heav'n appears!
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.
5 I ſee the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The Skies divide to make him room,
The Trumpet ſhakes the ground.
6 I hear the voice "ye dead ariſe,"
And ſtraight the graves obey,
And waking Saints with joyful eyes
Salute the expected day.
7 They leave the ground, and on the wing
Rais'd to the middle air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And loud adore him there.
8 O may my humble Spirit ſtand
Amongſt them, cloth'd in white:
The meaneſt place at thy right hand
Is infinite delight.
9 How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning king
Shall bear us homeward thro' the ſkies
On Love's triumphant wing!

LXX.

1 AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys
Aloud will I rejoice.
2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly Princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
5 The spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
6 Strangely, my soul art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

LXXI.

1 MY God, my portion, and my Love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
2 In vain the bright, the burning Sun
Scatters his feeble light:

'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
3 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my redeemer shews his head
'Tis Morning with my Soul.
4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

LXXII

1 HOW heavy is the Night
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our Souls arise?
2 Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
But in his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.
3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.
4 The pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
He sets the Sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
5 Lord, we adore thy Ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace
And thine atoning Blood.

LXXIII.

1 COME dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The Joys that cannot be express'd.
2 Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Heigth, and Breadth and Length
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.
3 Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts and Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

LXXIV.

1 DOWN from the Top of earthly Bliss
Rebellious Man was hurl'd;
But Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave
To reach a sinking World.
2 Oh, love of infinite degree
Unmeasurable grace!
Must Heaven's eternal Darling die
To save a trait'rous race?
3 Oh, for this love let Earth and Skies
With Hallelujah's ring
And the full choir of human tongues
All Hallelujahs sing.

LXXV

1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon wou'd,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
" Our Souls still willing to be gone,
" And at thy word depart in peace.
3 " Here we have seen thy face O Lord,
" And view'd Salvation with our eyes,
" Tasted and felt the living word,
" The bread descending from the Skies.
4 " Thou hast prepar'd the dying Lamb,
" Hast set his blood before our face,
" To teach the terrors of thy Name
" And shew the wonders of thy Grace.
5 " He is our Light; our Morning Star
" Shall shine on Nations yet unknown;
" The glory of thine Israel here
" And joy of Spirits near thy Throne."

LXXVI.

1 MY God, to praise thee I desire;
O Jesus, do my Soul inspire
With Heav'nly zeal, and words to tell
The goodness of Immanuel.
2 Come Christian Friends, and help me sing
The praises of th' Eternal King:
To save your Souls your God did groan,
And for your lives laid down his own.
3 He's the good Shepherd of his sheep,
His tender Lambs with care doth keep,
And still for them doth intercede,
And with the hidden Manna feed.
4 Let those refuse to sing his praise
Who vainly spend their precious days,
And will not Jesus Christ obey,
But choose to go the downward Way.

5 " I am the Door" the Saviour ſaid,
" Thoſe who in my footſteps do tread,
" And thro' and by me enter in
" Shall in and out find paſtures green."
6 But him that climbeth o'er the Wall
A Thief and Robber he doth call:
Then Sinners don't your God dethrone,
And ſeek to find Ways of your own.

LXXVII.

1 NOW begins the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſus' name;
Ye who Jeſus' goodneſs prove
Triumph in redeeming Love.
2 Ye who ſee the Father's Grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move
Bleſs and praiſe redeeming Love.
3 Mourning Souls, dry up your tears,
Banith all your guilty fears,
See your Guilt and Curſe remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming Love.
4 Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing Slaves to Death and Sin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop and taſte redeeming love.
5 Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to a ſacred reſt;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming Love.
6 He ſubdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curſed Empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſts above;
Join to praiſe redeeming Love.

LXXVIII.

1 HOW happy's ev'ry Child of Grace
Who feels his ſins forgiv'n!
This World, he cries, is not my place,
I ſeek a place in Heav'n,
A country far from mortal ſight;
Yet, O! by faith I ſee
The land of reſt, the Saints delight,
A Heaven prepar'd for me.
2 A ſtranger in this world below
I calmly ſojourn here:
Nor can its happineſs or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as ſoon are paſt;
But O! the bliſs to which I tend
Eternally ſhall laſt.
3 To that Jeruſalem above
With ſinging I'll repair:
While in the fleſh, by hope and love
My heart and ſoul are there;
There my exalted Saviour ſtands,
My merciful High-Prieſt,
And ſtill extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breaſt.
4 What is there here to court my ſtay,
And keep me back from home,
When Angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come?

Shall I regret my parted friends
Here in this Vale confin'd?
Nay, but whene'er my Soul aſcends,
They will not ſtay behind.
5 The race we are all runing now,
And if I firſt attain
They too their willing heads ſhall bow,
They too the prize ſhall gain:
Now on the brink of death I ſtand,
And if I paſs before,
They too ſhall all eſcape to Land,
And hail me on that ſhore.
6 Then let me ſuddenly remove
That hidden Life to ſhare;
I ſhall not loſe my Friends above,
But more enjoy them there:
There we in Jeſus' praiſe ſhall join,
His boundleſs love proclaim,
And ſolemnize in Songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.
7 O! what a bleſſed hope is ours!
While here on earth we ſtay
We more than taſte the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:
We feel the Reſurrection near,
Our life in Chriſt conceal'd,
And with his glorious preſence here
Our earthen veſſels fill'd.
8 O would he more of Heav'n beſtow,
And let this veſſel break,
And let my ranſom'd Spirit go
To graſp the God I ſeek:
In rapturous awe on him to gaze

Who bought the ſight for me,
And ſhout and wonder at his grace
Through all Eternity.

LXXIX

1 HOW happy are they, who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treaſure above!
Tongue cannot expreſs the ſweet comfort and peace
Of a Soul in its earlieſt love!
2 That comfort was mine when the favor divine
I firſt found in the blood of the Lamb;
When firſt I believ'd O! what joy I receiv'd!
What a Heaven in Jeſus's name!
3 Jeſus all the day long was my Joy and my Song;
O! that all his Salvation might ſee!
He hath lov'd me I cry'd, he has ſuffer'd and died
To redeem ſuch a Rebel as me.
4 On the wings of his love I was carried above
All ſin and temptation and pain;
I could not believe that I ever ſhould grieve,
That I ever ſhould ſuffer again.
5 I rode on the ſky, freely pardon'd was I,
Nor envy'd Elijah his ſeat;
My Soul mounted higher in a Chariot of fire,
And the Moon it was under my feet.
6 Oh! the rapturous height of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour poſſeſs'd, I was perfectly bleſs'd,
As if fill'd with the fulneſs of God.

PART II.

1 AH! where am I now? when was it or how
That I fell from my heavenly place?
I am brought into thrall O my Lord and my all,
And am hid from the ſmiles of thy face.

2 Hardly yet do I know how I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
But the tempter came in with his old subtle sin,
And infected my Spirit with pride.
3 Only pride could destroy that innocent joy,
And make my redeemer depart;
But whate'er was the cause, I lament the sad loss;
For the veil is come over my heart.
4 To the Fountain I'll go that so freely did flow
With a pardon from Jesus's side:
O my Lord and my God! let the water and the blood
Be once more to my Conscience applied.
5 Never more will I stray from my Jesus the Way,
But will follow my God till I die:
I will take up my Cross, I will count all things loss
Till I meet my Redeemer on high.

LXXX.

DEAREST Jesus, tho' unseen,
My believing heart would love thee;
Tho' a despised Nazarene,
A true and constant friend I prove thee:
Sinking in thy balmy name,
Oh! How I love my dearest Lamb!
2 Day and Night I vent my cries,
Languishing to see my Saviour;
With a warm heart and wand'ring eyes
I seek my dying God forever:
Thus I always would abide,
Oh! this I choose and nought beside.
3 Like the Widow'd Turtle-Dove,
I, dear dying Christ, mourn for thee!
Pants my Soul quite faint of love
Crying Oh! my God restore me

To thy presence sweet and free;
O how I long to be with thee!
4 Ev'ry moment seems an age
Till thy presence shall relieve me;
Till thy smiles my woes assuage,
Till thy absence no more grieve me.
Quickly, quickly Jesus come,
And make my heart thy constant home.
5 O'er the hills I see him come
Quick as darts the piercing Lightning;
Scatters all the horrid gloom;
All my joys are quick and bright'ning,
How his presence feeds the flame,
And scatters all my fears and pain!
6 Praise shall my glad tongue employ,
Praise shall all my pow'rs enliven
He's my comfort and my joy;
Jesus, Prince of Earth and Heav'n
He is mine and I am his,
He is my glory and my bliss.

LXXXI.

1 COME, away to the skies, my beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.
2 We have laid up our love and treasure above,
Tho' our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of the Lord, we remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.
3 For thy glory we are created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again, that our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

4 With thanks we approve, the designs of thy love,
which hath joind us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart, that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
5 There, there at his feet, round the throne we shall meet
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres with the heav'nly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
6 Hallelujah we sing to our Father and King
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing all Heaven, and fall at his feet.
7 In assurance of Hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air;
From our graves we shall see and cry out 'It is he,'
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

LXXXII.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied Saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which its pants
In the redeemer's breast.
2 In hope of that immortal Crown
I now the Cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
3 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servants tears,
And take his Pilgrim home.

2 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They are all rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

LXXXIII.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound!
A cordial for our fears!
2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

LXXXIV.

1 COME, Saviour Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,

And for thyſelf prepare the place.
2 O let thy ſacred preſence fill,
And ſet my longing ſpirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feaſt on thee.
3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I purſue;
I'll bid this world of noiſe and ſhow,
With all its glittering ſnares, adieu.
4 Nothing on Earth do I deſire
But thy pure love within my breaſt;
This only this will I require,
And freely give up all the reſt.

LXXXV.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred Love,
In theſe cold hearts of ours.
2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys
Our Souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!
3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4 Dear Father, ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?
5 Come Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

LXXXVI.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can Create and he Deſtroy.
2 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.
3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful Songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe,
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding praiſe.
4 Wide as the World is thy Command;
Vaſt as Eternity thy love;
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

LXXXVII.

1 ARISE, my Soul, ariſe,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the Throne my Surety ſtands,
My name is written on his hands.
2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They ſtrongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ranſom'd Sinner die.
3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away

The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the Blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
4 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning Voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father" cry.

LXXXVIII.

1 O GOD of all Grace, thy Goodness we praise,
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place,
2 With joy we approve the design of thy Love,
'Tis a wonder on Earth and a wonder above!
3 Tongues cannot explain the love of God-Man,
Which the Angels desire to look into, in vain.
4 Love mov'd him to die, and on this we rely,
He hath lov'd us, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why.
5 But this we can tell, he hath lov'd us so well,
As to lay down his Life to redeem us from Hell.
6 He hath ransom'd our race, O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable Grace?
7 Nothing else will we know in our Journey below
But singing thy Grace to thy Paradise go.
8 Nay, when we remove to the mansions above,
Our Heaven shall still be to sing of thy Love.
9 When Time is no more we still shall adore
The ocean of Love without bottom or shore.
10 Ere long we shall fly to the regions on high,
For Israel's Strength cannot vary or lie.
11 He soon shall appear, he more than draws near,
Our Jesus is come, and Eternity's here.

LXXXIX.

1 INUR'D to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
2 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me whom Angels watchful keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard,
He smoothes my bed and gives me sleep.
3 Jesus protects; my fears begone;
What can the rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine arms of everlasting love.
4 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, Earth, and Hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou Lord on whom my soul is staid,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
6 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

XC.

1 YE people that wonder at me and my ways,
Who censure and judge and condemn me always,
If you will but hear and believe I'll relate
My name and adventures, and my present state.
2 I came from the loins of the first sinner man,
Tho' born so far from him yet like him I am,
And unto his misery contract by the fall,
Was born heir at law, 'twas intail'd on us all.

3 Our Father, the bankrupt was turn'd out of door,
And I from his loins came a ſinner and poor;
The contract he broke was to him and his heirs,
And thus my firſt name to be ſinner appears.
4 My ſirname to ſinner, both dark, dead and blind,
Poor, guilty, condemn'd and to priſon confin'd;
Yet a priſ'ner of hope who have freedom to rove,
And ſeek for a friend whom a ſinner could love.
5 Thus forlorn did I wander in all natures ſphere,
Till I heard a ſtrange voice ſaying "get thee elſe-
[where;
"Leave country and kindred and come after me,
"And thou a ſalvation moſt glorious ſhall ſee.
6 No perſon I ſaw, but the voice I obey'd,
And follow'd, not knowing by whom I was led,
Till one to the eyes of my mind did appear,
All bloody and wounded with whip, nails and ſpear,
7 I ſoon did diſcover, by his carriage and forms,
'Twas Jeſus the Saviour with out-ſtretched arms,
Who ſcatter'd my fears and remov'd all my guilt,
And bid me rejoice in his blood for me ſpilt.
8 He changed my garments, and gave me a name,
Hephzibah he call'd me, and kindled a flame
Of true burning love in this cold heart of ſtone;
My eyes he anointed with ſalve of his own.
9 Afar off I then ſaw Immanuel's land,
More charming, tho' diſtant, than any at hand;
Inflam'd with deſire I long'd to be gone;
He arm'd me and girt me and bid me preſs on.
10 And now like a travelling pilgrim I'm bound
To the Holy land, where true pleaſures are found
My ſoul's reſolution is never to faint,
Till thro' diſſolution the Pilgrim's a Saint.

11 A wreſtler I am, and my combitants be
Not fleſh and blood only, from which I muſt flee;
But Spirits inviſible, wicked and high,
Which I muſt now conquer, or certainly die.
12 My ſword and my breaſtplate, my helmet and ſhield
I buckled around me when ent'ring the field;
Nor will all this ſave me except that the Lord
Jehovah his ſtrength everlaſting afford.
13 I wreſtle, I fight, and I pray, and I run;
O may I not faint till the battle is won! [prove
But thro' the Lamb's blood more than conquerers
And triumph at laſt in a Heaven of Love,

XCI.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to the
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms we be!
2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs,
3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath which firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the Tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
5 Great God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
The eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs woe
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
7 Waken, O Lord our drowſy ſenſe
To walk this dang'rous road;
And when our ſouls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

XCII.

1 THE ſoul that would to Jeſus preſs
Muſt ſtand thus firm and ſure,
That tribulation more or leſs
They muſt and ſhall endure.
2 From this there can be none exempt,
'Tis God's own wiſe decree;
Satan the weakeſt Saint will tempt,
Nor is the ſtrongeſt free.
3 The world oppoſes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of ſin.
4 Ten thouſand ways the foe prepares,
To catch this wandring heart,
And ſeldom do I ſee his ſnares
Before I feel the ſmart.
5 But let not all this terrify,
Purſue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with ſtedfaſt eye;
Againſt Hell fight by faith.
6 Though we are feeble, Chriſt is ſtrong,
His promiſes are true;
We ſhall be conq'rers all ere long,
And more than conq'rers too.

XCIII.

1 THOU Shepherd of Iſr'el, and mine,
Thou joy and delight of my heart;
For cloſer communion I pine,
I long to reſide where thou art:
The paſture I languiſh to find,
Where all who their ſhepherd obey,
Are fed on thy boſom reclin'd,
And ſcreen'd from the heat of the day.
2 Ah! ſhew me that happieſt place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where ſaints in an ecſtacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for a ſinner declare,
Thy paſſion and Death on the Tree;
My ſpirit to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.
3 'Tis there with the Lambs of the flock,
There only I covet to reſt,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

XCIV.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jeſus thou art all compaſſion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving ſpirit
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy ſacred reſt:
Take away our pow'r of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thy hoſts above,
Pray and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs let us be;
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation
Perfectly reſtor'd in thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

XCV.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And muſt my trembling ſpirit fly
Into a world unknown!
A land of deepeſt ſhade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from Earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happineſs or woe
Muſt then my portion be.
Wak'd by the trumpet's ſound,
I from my grave ſhall riſe,
And ſee the Judge with Glory crown'd,
And wiew the flaming ſkies!

3 How ſhall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curſe or bleſſing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or Devils drag my ſoul away
To meet its ſentence there?

4 Who can reſolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breaſt?
Shall I be with the damn'd caſt out,
Or number'd with the bleſt?
I muſt from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Muſt come at his command to Heav'n,
Or elſe depart to Hell.

5 O thou that would'ſt not have
One mourning ſinner die,
Who dy'dſt thyſelf, my ſoul to ſave
From endleſs miſery,
Shew me the way to ſhun
Thy dreadful wrath ſevere,
That when thou comeſt on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyſelf the way,
Thyſelf in me reveal;
So ſhall I ſpend my life's ſhort day

Obedient to thy will;
So shall I love my God
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode
To all Eternity.

XCVI.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter! Descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
2 Dost thou not dwell in all the Saints,
And seal the heirs of Heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of Joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

CXVII.

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys;
The life of all my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,

While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whisper's "I am his."
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
5 Fearless of Hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

XCVIII.

1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
The Saints that are fighting shall not be deny'd.
So long as 'tis written, "the Lord will provide."
3 We all may like ships by tempests be toit
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost;
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.
4 His call we obey like abra'm of old,
We know not the way, but Faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.
5 Tho' Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
The heart-cheering promise the Lord will provide.
6 He tell's us we're weak, our hopes are in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;

But when ſuch ſuggeſtions our graces have try'd,
This anſwers all queſtions, the Lord will provide,
7 No ſtrength of our own, or goodneſs we claim,
Our truſt is alone in Jeſus's name!
And in the ſtrong tower for ſafety we hide:
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
8 When life ſinks apace, and Death's in our view,
The word of his grace ſhall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting with Chriſt on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting, 'the Lord will provide.'

XCIX.

1 THE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful ſcene is drawing nigh;
Was long foretold by ancient Prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
But O my ſoul reflect and wonder,
That awful ſcene is drawing near,
When you ſhall ſee that great tranſaction,
When Chriſt in judgment ſhall appear!
2 See, nature ſtands all in amazement
To hear the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
"Ariſe ye Dead and come to judgment,
"Ye nations of this world around:"
Loud thunder rumbling thro' the concave,
Bright forked lightning parts the ſkies,
The heav'ns a ſhaking, the earth a quaking:
The gloomy ſight attracts mine eyes.
3 The orbit lamps all veil'd in ſack-cloth,
No more their ſhining circuits run;
The wheel of fortune ſtop'd in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun:
Huge moſſy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling baſis roar,

The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frighted ſhore.
4 Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble
Give up their dead both ſmall and great;
See the whole world, both Saint and Sinner
Are coming to the judgment ſeat:
See Jeſus on a throne of Juſtice
Come thundering down the parted ſky,
With countleſs armies of ſhining Angels,
With Hallelujah ſhouts for joy.
5 Bright ſhining ſtreams from his awful preſence
His face ten thouſand Suns outſhines!
Behold him coming in pow'r and glory
To meet him all his Saints combine;
"Go forth ye Heralds with ſpeed like lightning,
"Call in my Saints from diſtant land,
"Thoſe that my blood from Hell has ranſom'd,
"Whoſe names in life's fair book doth ſtand.
6 "O come ye bleſſed of my father,
"The purchaſe of my dying love,
"Receive the crowns of life and glory,
"Which are laid up for you above;
"For your dear ſouls which have continued
"With me, and my temptations bore,
"I have provided for you a kingdom,
"To reign with me for evermore."
7 There's flowing fountains of living water,
No ſickneſs, pain, nor death to fear;
No ſorrow, ſighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance there.
But how will ſinners ſtand and tremble
When Juſtice calls them to the bar;
Thoſe that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlaſting doom to hear?

8 See Juſtice now with indignation
Calling aloud for Sinner's blood,
Thoſe that have ſlighted offer'd Mercy,
And crucify'd the Son of God;
" Depart from me ye curſed ſinners,
" My face you never more ſhall ſee,
" Be baniſh'd from my peaceful preſence,
" To endleſs woe and miſery."
9 Each guilty ſoul then ſtruck with horror
And anguiſh, throbbing in their breaſt;
For ever doom'd to endleſs ſorrow,
And never more to hope for reſt;
Come ſinners here's a faithful warning,
Return to Jeſus whilſt you may,
And he is ready to receive you,
Or elſe you muſt depart away.

C.

1 COME all ye poor ſinners that from Adam came,
Ye poor and ye blind, and ye halt and ye lame
Cloſe in with the goſpel upon its own terms,
Or you'll burn forever like poor mortal worms.
2 When the lord ſhall deſcend with a ſhout from above
And call home his Saints to bleſs them with his love,
And you not renew'd in your ſouls by his grace,
Away you muſt turn with a ſorrowful face.
3 For if you deny Chriſt, he will deny you
You'll be found on his left hand with the wicked crew
In horror and torment forever you'll lie;
In vain now for mercy, in vain you muſt cry.
4 You've read of the rich-man and beggar alſo;
The beggar he dy'd and to Jeſus did go;
The rich man he dy'd, and to his ſad ſurprize,
Awaked in Hell, and he lift up his eyes,
5 Seeing Abra'm afar off in the manſions above,
And Laz'rus in his boſom in raptures of love,

He cry'd " father Abra'm, ſend to my relief,
" For I am tormented with pain and with grief."
6 He ſaid " Son remember when you liv'd ſo bold,
" Dreſs'd in your fine linen, your purple and gold,
" Whilſt Laz'rus was laid at your gate full of grief
" You had not compaſſion to give him relief.
7 " Beſide, there's a gulph fixt betwixt us you ſee,
" So thoſe that would paſs from hence can't come to thee.
" But there you muſt lie and lament your ſad ſtate,
" For now you are ſending your cries up too late."
8 He cried " father Abra'm, I pray you provide,
" Send one from the dead, I've five brethren beſide,
" They hearing from me and of my wretched ſtate,
" Perhaps they'll repent now before 'tis too late."
9 " They have a rich goſpel that ſpreads far and wide
" They've Moſes, the Prophets and Apoſtles beſide,
" If they'll not adhere unto them and repent,
" They will not believe tho' one from the dead went."
10 Come poor Zion mourners, O don't you deſpair,
But cry to your Jeſus, he'll anſwer your pray'r;
He'll hear your complaints, and he'll eaſe all your grief.
He'll pardon your ſins and will give you relief.
11 And when you ſhall come to lay your bodies down
You'll fly to the regions where you'll wear a crown
The ſmiles that will come from ſweet Jeſus's face
Will make you adore and admire free grace.

CI.

1 COME Chriſtians be wiſe,
Learn your liberty to prize,
Each moment in virtue excel;
For in truth you are freed,
And you ſhall be free indeed,
But your freedom in Jeſus doth dwell,

2 For ſtrangers you are
In this tranſitory fair,
So let love to each other abound;
Tho' ſurrounded by foes
That your liberty oppoſe
Yet in Jeſus your ſtrength it is found.

3 For God is your friend,
And his power doth extend
To protect you altho' you are few,
So you need not deſpair
All your breaches he'll repair,
And freſh vigour and ſtrength he'll renew.

4 If faith you have preſt,
You have enter'd into reſt
But perfection you have not obtain'd;
Salvation's before,
So go on and make it ſure
And your labor ſhall not be in vain.

5 He has bleſt you with peace,
And his love will never ceaſe,
He has bleſt you with his ſmiling charms;
So look home, and rejoice,
Wait for that inviting voice,
And e're long you ſhall be in his arms,

CII.

1 IN th' houſe of king David a fountain did ſpring
For ſin and uncleanneſs, from Jeſus our king;
This fountain flows ſweetly whenever apply'd.
And ſprung from the bowels of Chriſt when he dy'd
2 If you are polluted, come waſh and be cleans'd.
Tho' Jeſus was wounded in th' houſe of his friends,
Here's Chriſt the phyſician his balm to apply,
A balſom for healing, come venture and try.

3 If you are over-burden'd with mountains of guilt,
Come bathe in the fountain that Jeſus has ſpilt;
Here's peace for your conſcience, your guilt to re-
Come waſh your affections in rivers of love. [move
4 If you are diſtreſſed, and burden'd withall,
This fountain ſtands open, come in at the call;
Here's all things provided for ſinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.
5 If you are bemoaning the weakneſs of grace,
This fountain ſtands open, 'twill anſwer your caſe;
Come draw when you're weary, and drink when
It was for the needy that Jeſus did die, [you're dry
6 Come you that have bath'd in this fountain of love,
That's felt the heavy burden of guilt to remove,
Let us join to praiſe Jeſus as long as we've breath,
And after we're laid in the duſt of the earth.
7 O there we ſhall ſleep, but not always remain,
We look for the coming of Jeſus again,
And when we behold him, we'll lay by theſe ſhrouds
And riſe to meet Jeſus our Lord in the clouds.
8 How we ſhall be faſhion'd he doth not declare,
But we ſhall be like him when he doth appear.
And that bleſſed hour we long for to ſee,
That we may be perfect and happy with thee.
9 O then he'll receive us with joy and great mirth,
Saying "Welcome my ranſom'd, redeem'd from
[the earth;"
He'll not be aſham'd to call us his bride,
More precious to him than the gold that is try'd.
10 O then thy redeem'd for ever will ſing,
The arches of Heaven with praiſes ſhall ring;
Where ſorrow and mourning for ever ſhall ceaſe,
And pleaſure and glory for ever increaſe.

CIII.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere,
The ſeventh Trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His lightnings flaſh his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful ſoul;
2 From Heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the Almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face!
3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own,
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord:
4 Shout all ye people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the moſt high;
Our lord who now his right obtains
For ever and for ever reigns.

CIV.

1 COME liſten to the cauſe of ſin,
Why ſhould a good be evil?
Muſick alas! too long has been
Preſs'd to obey the Devil:
Drunken, or lewd or light the lay
Flows to the ſoul's undoing,
Widens and ſtrews with flow'rs the way
Down to eternal ruin.
2 Who on the part of God will riſe?
Innocent mirth recover?
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover?
Strip him of ev'ry moving ſtrain,
Ev'ry melting meaſure,
Muſick in virtue's cauſe retain,
Revive the holy pleaſure?

3 Come let us try if Jeſus' love
Can not as well inſpire us;
This is the theme of them above,
This upon earth will fire us:
Try if your hearts are tun'd to ſing;
Is there a ſubject greater?
Melody all its ſtrains may bring,
Jeſus's love is ſweeter.
4 Jeſus the ſoul of muſick is,
He is the nobleſt paſſion;
Jeſus's name is life and peace,
Happineſs and Salvation:
Jeſus's name the Dead can raiſe,
Shew us our ſins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
And carry us up to Heaven.
5 Who hath a right like us to ſing,
Us who his mercy raiſes;
Merry our hearts, for Chriſt is King,
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.
6 He that a ſprinkled conſcience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him ſing pſalms, the ſpirit ſaith,
Joyful and ne'er be weary;
Offer the ſacrifice of praiſe,
Hearty and never ceaſing;
Spiritual ſongs and anthems raiſe,
Worſhip and thanks and bleſſing.
7 Come let us in his praiſes join,
Triumph in his ſalvation;

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Glory aſcribe to love divine,
Worſhip and adoration:
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe, and then ſing on,
Heaven is yours for ever.

CV.

1 YE Pilgrims who often look out for a train
Deſcending at Jeſus's coming again,
Who often delight to be talking of him,
Come, don't be offended I'll tell you my dream.
2 I dream'd I was out, to the eaſt caſt mine eye,
The atmoſphere ſtill and ſerene was the ſky,
'Twas calm, yet moſt aweful tremendous the ſight,
I thought the laſt judgment juſt dawning to light.
3 With awe and with trembling I eaſtward did ſpy
An op'ning above, and a voice ſaying "Fly"
To an Angel; I ſaw him immediately come out,
He call'd "come to Judgment;" like thunder the
[ſhout.
4 Regaining the echo the elements rung,
The dreadful commanding voice ſounded along;
This aweful appearance my ſoul did impreſs,
Now judgment is come there's no altering the caſe.
5 The dead all awak'd by this thundering call,
The aged the younger the great and the ſmall
All riſing together, 'tis hard to indite,
The aſpect ſo ſhocking, ſurpriſing the ſight,
6 A pillar of cloud I beheld in the eaſt,
And Jeſus appear'd on a throne in the midſt,
Aſcending along the etherial bright plain,
He mounted aloft 'till the midſt he did gain.
7 A pavement of blue from the cloud then came forth,
Extended and reach'd from the ſouth to the north,

On which ſtood bright angels in order compleat,
And glorified Saints all in harmony ſweet.
8 I thought of the prophecy telling us how
We all ſhould ſee Jeſus; 'tis fulfilled now;
The lovers the mourners the children of ſpight
And thoſe that had pierc'd him could not ſhun the
[ſight.
9 O then I heard Jeſus ſay "come ye up here;"
Then all the bleſt nations up gently did ſteer,
Now quiting the globe, they with pleaſure did ſing
A ſong that had never before tun'd a ſtring.
10 And in the ſweet tranſport my feet left the ground
Without any motion of body, or ſound:
My joy was unſpeakable, full of delight,
So great was the rapture it waken'd me quite.

CVI.

OH! what a world of doubts and cares,
And ſins, before my face appears!
How many paths do I perceive,
And know not which to chooſe or leave.
Great God direct my feet aright
Throughout this long Egyptian night,
My Soul to Chriſt the Saviour lead,
There let me hide my weary head.
Till then in ſecret call and pray'rs,
By inward ſighs and ſtreaming tears,
I'll ſeek thy face, my ſearch receive
O let me ſee thy face and live.
Altho' the way be ſtrew'd with pain,
Thou haſt not bid me ſeek in vain;
I'll ſeek if ne'er the bliſs be giv'n,
I'll periſh at the Gate of Heav'n.
The Lord hath ſaid "Seek ye my face;"
The invitation I embrace,

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And ſhould I err, I'll waiting ſit,
And periſh at my Saviour's feet.
My mid-night hours I'll paſs away,
Waiting in hope the Bride-groom's ſtay,
And begging in his way I'll lie,
And periſh if he paſs me by.
I'll watch, perhaps my Lord may come,
If back I turn, Hell is my doom;
If I ne'er find the ſacred road,
I'll periſh crying out for God.
The Soul who ſeeks the Lord ſhall live;
Seek O my ſoul, my ſpirit ſtrive,
Pray on if he denies to hear
I'll periſh if I muſt at pray'r.

CVH.

TRANSPORTING news the Saviour's come
To purchaſe our ſalvation!
Let ev'ry tongue now ſpeak his name
In ſtrains of acclamation:
When Hell's dark hoſts
With wicked boaſt
Had compaſs'd Man's ſubjection,
Chriſt's won'drous Grace
Releiv'd our Race
By Mercy's ſweet direction:
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The Heir and Partner of his Throne,
In pity ſtoop'd, was Crucify'd,
His Righteouſneſs and Blood apply'd;
And thus our Souls at freedom ſet,
By paying off the dreadful debt:
We therefore we
From Guilt ſet free
Will joyfully adore him.

He comes the Pris'ners to releaſe,
To cure poor Souls all bleeding,
To give the troubled Conſcience peace,
By's Death and Interceding;
The curſed Chain
He breaks in twain
With which our Sins had bound us;
From Cavalry
His pardons free
Have richly flow'd around us:
Our King of Kings, our Lord moſt high
Hath ranſom'd us to Liberty,
And in a garment dipt in blood
Our foes beneath his feet hath trod;
Reſcu'd by Grace, we now no more
Shall Bonds and Poverty deplore:
Fair Salem waits
With pearly Gates
Our ranſom'd Souls to welcome.
Then happy Souls, come ſing his grace,
Come ſing your Pearl, your Treaſure
Till you behold him face to face
With moſt triumphant pleaſure:
His Grace and Love
With joy we prove
While with delight we ponder
On what in vain
Tongue tries t' explain,
To Heav'n and Earth a wonder:
Thus while we ſet beneath the Croſs,
All earthly Gain we count but Loſs,
And nothing think or ſpeak beſide,
But of our Saviour Crucify'd,

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In whom both Grace and Vengeance join
To make poor worms in Glory ſhine:
O for this Grace
Let higheſt praiſe
Aſcend with pleaſing rapture.
Our glad Hoſanna's, Saviour God,
Proclaim aloud thy praiſes,
While all the Hoſt redeem'd by Blood
In Heav'n with tranſport gazes,
We too aſpire
With that bleſt Choir
In humble, ſweet proſtration;
A glorious Band
With Harp in Hand.
To ſing compleat Salvation:
With them we'll drink immortal joys,
With them hear Jeſus's glorious voice,
With them behold him face to face,
With them, tranſported, on him gaze,
With them in heav'nly concert join,
With them in endleſs Glory ſhine;
In loftieſt verſe
His praiſe rehearſe,
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The END.

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L.

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